THE PASTIME.

No. 5.

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Original Papers.

Local.

For the PASTIME.

Mr. Editor—To protect from injury the memory of those who have fallen victims to injustice and treachery, is the noblest sentiment of the human heart. Urged by this principle, and by my personal friendship for the deceased, I beg leave to remove an impression which your manner of noticing the exit of the unfortunate *Beefbone* has given rise to. So far from being obnoxious to the students, they, one and all, have given, on retiring from evening prayers, public expressions of their respect to his memory, in the most piteous bleatings, by way of elegy, that ever came from the *tender* souls of college sheep. The Faculty themselves frowned upon the deed, and publicly cautioned the *hangmen*, whose dexterity *you* have praised, against repeating a crime so unprecedented and atrocious. He was a most *substantial* and *nourishing* friend to the students as long as he could call one ounce of flesh his own; and so deeply affected was he at their ingratitude, that when brought to the gallows, the thought of that had reduced him to a mere skeleton. His shade is said to flit through the chapel every night at twelve o'clock. It appeared a few nights since, at evening prayers, not far from the rope on which it was swung, and those nearest to it assert that it was heard to exclaim:

Rise, students, rise—
For Beefbone's ghost walks unreveng'd among you.

The following sketch has been translated from a scarce and valuable Italian work, expreesly for our paper. We have illustrated it with some biographical notes; and at a leisure moment, may add to this rough outline, some notice of the poets who are named in it, and possibly, one or two of their fugitive poems, in an English dress.—*Ed. Pastime.*

HISTORICAL VIEW OF ITALIAN POETRY.

It is of little importance to trace the province, or the age, which gave birth to the Italian Muse. However weak and tottering her infant steps, or obscure her early progress, we see her in Tuscany,* at the beginning of the fourteenth century, treading with a firm and steady step, the steep ascent of Mount Pindus. Dante,† and Petrarch,‡ were at this time venerated rather

* In Tuscany, Italian literature has ever been most ardently and successfully cultivated.

† Dante was born at Florence, in 1265. He discovered an early inclination and genius for poetry; but his ambition led him into some of the most

as the *masters*, than the *fathers* of poetry. Petrarch, especially, intimidating by the melody and sweetness of his language, and the exquisite structure of his verses, remained long without a rival. An hundred years intervened without producing a writer who could vie with these distinguished men; and even of the fifteenth century, Conti and Polizanio are the only bards whose names deserve to be remembered, or whose works are worthy to be read: but, in the sixteenth, the fount of Castalian water burst from its prison, overflowing and fertilizing the barren plain of Italian poetry. Such a crowd at once fiilled the "muses sacred grove," that Bembi, Molza, Casa, Costanzi, Cari, and others equally renowned, can scarcely be distinguished in the illustrious concourse. At once, the drama abandoning vulgar farce and childish amusement, sought to restore the Grecian sock and buskin to the stage, and to introduce a pure taste to the Italian theatre. At once, every species of verse was cultivated with ardor and enthusiasm: follies were satirized, the pleasures of rural life were sung, and the epic poem attained to such pre-eminence, that no nation but Italy has been able to register an Ariostō, and

considerable posts of the Commonwealth, and he was buried in the ruins of the faction which he embraced. He died in exile at Ravenna, 1321; but a little before he expired, he had the strength of mind to compose his own epitaph in a latin verse, of which the following is a translation:

Of monarch's rights, of Heaven's blest abodes,
Of Phlegethon, and Hell's infernal lakes,
I sung, while fate allow'd: but since my soul
To better climes, and her great AUTHOR *'s fled,*
Here Dante lies: fair Florence gave me birth;
But, exil'd thence, I sleep in foreign clay.

‡ Petrarch was perhaps the first among moderns in whom the spirit and genius of ancient literature began to revive. He was born at Arezzo, 1304, and destined by his father, a man of some distinction, to the study of the law. A captive, however, to the charms of poetry, every thing was laid aside, for his muse. His father once entering his apartment suddenly, found his table covered with latin authors, and in his rage cast them all into the fire, except Virgil and Cicero, which, at the urgent entreaty of his son, he spared. At twenty years of age, losing his father and mother, he purchased a retired and romantic country house at Vaveluce, where he spent the greater part of his life, excepting the occasional interruptions of travelling. Here, in 1327, he met with his Laura; a name which he has immortalized in his verses. In that age of ignorance, one of his earliest performances, (written in latin) and deficient both in latinity and measure, gained him the poetic crown from the University of Paris, and the court of Rome, which was conferred with great solemnity. In 1348, he was called by Pope Clement VI, to compliment Queen Jane of Naples upon her accession to the throne. While abroad, the news of his Laura's death reached him. He was poignantly afflicted by it, and spent the remainder of his life in perpetual journeyings, dying in July, 1374, at the age of 70. Petrarch's works form four folio volumes. More than 25 persons have written his life, but the sketch most generally read and admired, is that of Mrs. Dobson, published a few years since in London.

a Tasso, *mœnii carminibus abites*, in its literary annals. But the sun of Italian poetry having reached its meridian, now began to decline. The dignity of the Greek and Roman style was forsaken; and in the verses of Marini, Acchillini, and Preti, the natural harmony, the matronal majesty of the tongue, was lost in gaudy ornaments, and meritricious trappings. Even now, however, there were those who maintained the honor and purity of poetry in works worthy of a more enlightened age: tho', like the dulcet strains of the swain, smothered in the loud cackling of geese, the proselytes to a new taste, overcome the judicious few who still worshipped at the shrine of antiquity. Yet, Heaven be praised! the evil was of short duration: the same age which saw it usurping universal sway, survived its ignominious exile. The "Arcadia," of Rome, was the happy instrument of this salutary reform. The celebrated Queen Christina gathered a private accademy of the most eminent poets in the city, encouraging them to retrace the paths of antiquity, which had been so long abandoned, and to renew the use of models, so foolishly forsaken. From Guidi, Zappi, and others, Rome heard Italian verse, worthy of the age of Leo.* Amid the depravity of the rest of Italy, Redi, Magolloti, and Filicaia, erected monuments of Tuscan genius, *ære perennis*. Maggi, and Lemene, in the other extremity of Italy, tried to re-kindle the half extinguished flame of true poetry, and to stimulate their countrymen to tread in the steps of Petrarch, Casa, Constanzo, and other celebrated writers of the golden age. At the end of the last century, taste began to resume universal dominion. Men of ability applied themselves to a consummation of the reform. Apostolo Zeno, Gravini, Lazzarini, Maffei, Muratori, all, either by example or precept, armed to defend the honor of the muse: nor should we forget to add the names of Manfredi, and Zanotti, and the ancient school of Bologne. Frugoni, Granelli, Bettinelli, Varini, Savioli, Parini, Rezzonico, Bondi, and others too numerous to designate, have till now kept the renown of Italian verse untarnished. The opera's of Mætestatio, a writer who occupies no remote corner of the

* Leo X, Pope of Rome, distinguished as having been the cause of the reformation begun by Luther, was born 1475, and died, 1521. He was a lover and patron of learning and learned men, and equally friendly to the arts and sciences, being himself a man of taste. Pope, among other poets, has celebrated him:

But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
There Sculpture, and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

temple of fame, equal, if they do not surpass, the French tragedy. The Italian Muse has endured many vicissitudes, and submitted to much ill usage, but her good name is still acknowledged, and she has passed thro' these adverse scenes without forfeiting the respect of enlightened nations.

Biography.

LIFE OF DERMODY.

[Continued.]

Each day furnished his patron with fresh occasion to admire the talents of his youthful protege. "His conversation in particular," as he observes, "was frequently distinguished for observations so much beyond his years, that at length, whenever he was about to speak, I expected to hear something worthy of matured abilities. He discovered likewise much taste in the latin classics, and an intimate acquaintance with the principal annotators upon Virgil and Horace, particularly Scaliger and Madame Dacier, and even ventured to question their authority in a few instances.

"Happening to meet a gentleman of my acquaintance, a Mr. French, who was an excellent classical scholar, I informed him that I had a literary prodigy at my house; a boy ten years old, who not only had Horace and Homer at his fingers' ends, but possessed a strong natural vein for poetical composition. Mr. French, thinking me perhaps somewhat too warm in my account of his abilities, asked me whether I had not a *vein* of jocularity. 'Come and see the boy,' I replied, 'and he will astonish you.' My friend promised to call on me soon. On returning home, I informed Dermody, that a gentleman of my acquaintance, a man of learning, purposed to pay me a visit, in order to have an interview with him; and that I wished him to be as collected as possible on the occasion, as my credit respecting himself was much concerned. The next day Mr. French called, while Dermody was out. In a few moments however he returned, and I presented him to Mr. French. On seeing a lad of so extremely youthful an aspect, of a delicate make, and small size, and with a little frilled shirt-collar open; in short, of an appearance in every external point of view, almost infantine; my friend said to me, in a low voice, 'Pshaw! it is impossible!'—'Try him,' cried I. Mr. French took from his pocket a small Horace of the Elzevir edition, and addressing Dermody, told him, that 'he had an acquaintance of his, as he understood, in his hand.' Dermody, noticing the small size of the book, whispered me, that he fancied the gentleman was going to exercise him in the Latin accidence. But when my friend handed him the book, and he perceived it

was Horace, it is not possible to describe the animation of the boy's countenance. Scarcely conceiving that so deminutive a volume could contain all Horace's works, his eyes and fingers were equally rapid in turning to the different parts of the book. At length, finding it complete, he exclaimed to Mr. French, 'Bless me, sir! this is *multum in parvo* indeed; but it is without notes I perceive.'—'By the accounts I have received,' answered Mr. French, 'you do not stand in need of notes.' Dermody made him a bow for the compliment.

"Mr. French, eager to satisfy his curiosity, now asked him to construe any ode he liked. Dermody closed the book, returned it to Mr. French, and begged that he himself would fix on an ode. He then opened the volume, and presented Dermody with the eleventh ode of the first book; observing to him that it was a very short one. 'The more suitable, sir,' answered Dermody with a smile, 'to a little scholar.' Our young hero, seeing pen, ink and paper on the table, added, that, 'with the gentleman's permission, he would *write* a translation of the ode.' Mr. Freneh approved; when I desired Dermody to let it be, not a close, but a free translation. The boy seated himself at the table, with the ode before him; and Mr. French and myself took a book to amuse us while he was employed, as well as to have an opportunity of observing him. I desired my friend to look at his watch; he did so; and in nine minutes Dermody came and presented him with the following translation; which we found, to our agreeable surprize, to be a poetical one—

Thy search, Leuconoe, give o'er,
For, know, 'tis impious to explore
When Death shall summon at thy gate;
Nor ask astrologers thy fate.
Life's storm more firmly thoul't sustain,
If thou incurious wilt remain.
Whether, by potent Jove's decree,
Tyrrhenian floods thoul't liveto see
Rebound, one winter's reign, or more,
Against thy mansion's rock-worn shore.
Be wise; and, from life's little Act,
Thy hopes of lengthen'd bliss contract;
For while we speak time flies apace;
Quick, quick, the present joy embrace,
Nor trust to-morrow's flatt'ring face.

"Mr. French having read this translation with evident marks of admiration and surprize, asked Dermody what induced him to translate *quem tibi finem* by 'When death shall summon at thy gate?'—'From a passage, sir,' replied Dermody, 'in Horace's fourth ode of the first book.'—'I thought so,' cried Mr. French, 'it was for that very reason I asked you the question. Pray, repeat the passage as well as you recollect it.' Dermody paused a moment, and then quoted:

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.

'Right, my dear boy,' exclaimed Mr. French with rapture. After this he asked Darmody, 'what was his reason, as the ode does not specify any particular shore where the Mediterranean sea beat, why he fixed it at a spot where he seemed to think that Leuconoe had *a mansion?*' Dermody answered, 'he was sure it was unnecessary to inform him, that Italy stretched out between the Mare Tyrrhenum and Mare Adriaticum; and that a French critic was of opinion that Leuconoe had a handsome house on the Italian shore, for the safety of which she was apprehensive from the violence of the winter's storm and wave.' Mr. French asked him 'to what critic he alluded.' Dermody replied, 'he could not mention his name; but that he perfectly recollected, from a note he had read in Francis' Horace, that the critic was a member of the Academy of Belles-Lettres.'

"Mr. French having again read the translation, intimated to Dermody, that he had omitted noticing the *vina liques*. Dermody replied, with much archness of countenance, that 'he made the omission for two reasons: first, because he thought it would be unfashionable to suggest to the ladies of modern days, that a fine Roman lady descended to such housewifery as that of filtering wines; and secondly, as it was evident, from the whole tenor of the ode, that Leuconoe was very inquisitive, our unlearned wits perhaps would say, that after filtering wines, she doubtless had the curiosity to taste freely of them.' At this observation, and from the droll manner in which Dermody made it, Mr. French could not contain himself. He held his sides with laughter, and exclaimed: 'Why, you young, sarcastic, wicked rogue, you are more severe on Leuconoe than Horace himself was.'—'There might be a reason,' replied Dermody, 'Why Horace did not wish to be too severe on her.'—'What was that, my boy?'—'Why, sir, some critics are of opinion that Leuconoe was a lady of not the strictest virtue; and possibly Horace might sometimes have visited her at her snug mansion on the sea-coast.' My friend burst again into loud laughter; and told Dermody jocosely, that he would one time or other get thrashed if he indulged this satirical vein. 'But come,' cried Mr. French, 'it is time that I should make you some return for the great pleasure you have given me. Here, as you seem to admire this small edition of Horace, accept it from me. It will go into one of your breeches pockets, and here is something to occupy the other,' giving him a handful of silver. 'I envy your friend, Dr. Houlton, his possession of you; but I shall sometimes drop in to have a conversation with you; so, for the present, adieu, my dear little boy."

(To be continued.)

Variety.

. . . . . "STEALING, and GIVING SWEETS."

The "Steersman's Song," which follows, was written at sea by the translator of Anacreon, on his cis-atlantic excursion. The lines give evidence that Moore can at times throw off the libertine, chasten his fancy, and refine his imagination.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longride the wheel unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away;
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and, sighing, say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up, the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Ah! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze may waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I, smiling, sing,
Steady, boy! so.

From Watson, an earlier poet than Shakspeare, whose works are rarely to be met with, we quote the following sonnet:

If Cupid were a child, as poets feign,
How comes it then that Mars doth fear his might?
If blind, how chance so many, to their pain,
Whom he hath hit, can witness of his sight?
If he hath wings, to fly where thinks him best,
How hap he lurketh still within my breast?
If bow and shafts should be his chiefest tools,
Why doth he set so many hearts on fire?
If he were mad, how could he further fools
To whet their wits as time and place require?
If wise, how could so many leave their wits,
Or doat thro' love, and die in frantic fits?
If naked still he wander to and fro,
How doth not sun or frost offend his skin?
If that a god he be, how falls it so
That all wants end which he doth once begin?
O wond'rous thing, that I, whom Love hath spent,
Can scarcely know himself, or his intent!

Original Poetry.

THE APPROACHING THUNDER STORM.

When the dread Angel of the pestilence
Has thron'd himself in Sirids near the sun,
And on his beams dispenses dire disease,
The low'ring tempest overhangs the plains:
Thither, on night-brown pinions sounding loud,
Begirt for war the adverse winds resort,
And for the guidance of th' approaching storm
Ambitious vie. Now with collected force,
Hurry the sable clouds quite thwart th' heav'ns,
A furious northern blast; then back as swift,
Urg'd by fierce Auster, to the middle point
They drive. But here, proud Eurus and Zephyrus,
Vester and Norus, mix in mad career,
And hold them in mid course. Now straight are seen,
In angry mood, passing and counter passing
Beneath the gloom, thin vapors, airy shapes
In countless groups: while sand-banks, as self-mov'd
From earth to th' zenith, stream. The twilight-void,
With boughs, and leaves, and shatter'd planks replete
In hollow murmuring roars. Bright light'nings play;
The guilty nations in mute terror stand
Gazing. Confusion on confusion crowds,
Tumult on tumult. Fast from the stern-brow'd South
The lofty columns of descending rain,
March, like tall giants, to the dreadful note
Of Thunder. Columns after columns pass
To th' regions of the North, and there, confus'd
And mix'd in evolutions huge, denote
Vast preparation for some great event
I' the troubled sky. Legions of Heaven there
Seem gathering for battle; and meanwhile,
The pigmy tribes of mortals gaping stand,
As disregarded as the reptile race.—
Ah Pride! when thou beholdst
A scene like this, look at thyself, and think
How small thou art!

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*We regret the necessity which compels us to apologize to readers for the failure of a number last week. Briefly to explain this singular accident, we impute it to the carelessness and neglect of a stage-driver, to whom the copy was entrusted. To provide, however, against the repetition of similar disappointments, we have engaged a person on whom we can rely, regularly and promptly to deliver the copy. On* Wednesday *next the fourth number will be published, and the sixth, in course, on* Saturday.

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